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PERFORATING MR. PERKINS.
 TRY as it may, the Harvester Trust cannot tread its virtuous path in peace. No sooner have Mr. Perkins and his benevolent company carefully explained how they shudder at the idea of being a trust, how their dividends for years have averaged only 7 per cent., how they have increased wages 27 per cent. and spent millions trying to make patriotic American string out of American flax, how their one prayer is that politics may become pure—when along comes Mr. Hilles, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, and with a few pokes of his pen the fat is in the fire again.

Mr. Hilles is a nifty letter-writer. Perhaps he finds Mr. Perkins an inspiring correspondent. In any case the Republican Chairman not only sticks stoutly to his expressed belief that millions of Harvester Trust money was spent in Mr. Roosevelt's pre-convention campaign, but he also takes the opportunity to heave solid chunks of plain truth about Harvester motives and methods over the Perkins fence.

"When you formed the Harvester Trust," writes Mr. Hilles, "you created a monopoly controlling from 85 to 90 per cent. of the business in harvesting implements which constitute by far the most important class of agricultural implements. In ten years the properties of the company have increased in value from \$120,000,000 to \$220,000,000. In the same period there have been paid to the stockholders by way of cash and stock dividends (including present surplus) a further sum of \$80,000,000. If we estimate 6 per cent. per annum as a reasonable return upon the original capitalization, the investors would have received in ten years \$72,000,000. It, therefore, appears that the stockholders have profited in addition to a liberal return upon the original capital to the extent of the enormous increase in the valuation of the properties."

After pointing out that huge sums of money were spent to get Mr. Roosevelt "spontaneously" nominated as the sought and chosen of the people, and that Mr. Perkins was one of the biggest subscribers to this "spontaneity" fund, Mr. Hilles returns to the charge: "The explanation that is made in your behalf is that you have entered upon the pursuit of philanthropy and that Mr. Roosevelt is the only man who can save the country and make it a fit place for you to rear your children in. But at the same time you have been in effective control of one of the most oppressive trusts this country has ever known, and you still cling to your connection with this monopoly. Men may well doubt, therefore, whether the sole motive for your political activities is the emancipation of suffering mankind from social injustice."

This is plain talk and leaves the spectator with a pained sense of Mr. George W. Perkins shivering immodestly in the open, without the garments of righteousness and philanthropy in which he is wont so carefully and gracefully to drape himself.

Mr. Perkins has not progressed as far along the route of philosophical self-effacement as his friend, Mr. Morgan. Mr. Morgan told the Clapp Committee that when he wanted something that he knew was bad for him he hoped he wouldn't get it—or words to that effect. Not so Mr. Perkins and the Harvester Trust and the Colonel. They want what they want when they want it. And what they mostly want is one another.

A quarantine of Christmas trees is the nice surprise the bug sharps have thought up for the holidays. What's the use of knowing so much, anyway?

TILTING AT EXPRESS RATES.
 THE Interstate Commerce Commission at Washington is still listening to arguments for and against the reduction of express rates. Counsel for the express companies and the railroads pile up gloomy estimates of deficit and loss if the proposed rates are made effective. Profits for the express companies thus far in 1912 are claimed to be less than 4 per cent. On the other side it is pointed out that the express business is now so prosperous that the companies are paying the railroads 25 per cent. more revenue than previous to 1900.

The sitting of the Commission has had its bright spots. A St. Louis lawyer, announcing that he appeared for "one hundred million uncrowned kings and queens of America," smote the express companies hip and thigh, and furthermore declared: "I have ceased practicing in half the courts because I found them to be merely the refuge of thieves and murderers!" The grateful "hundred million" pricked up their ears and got ready to cheer. But, like the guinea pig at the trial in Alice in Wonderland, the champion was "suppressed."

The truth of the matter is that the express companies and the railroads are merely trying to make all as tight as they can to weather the blow they know is coming. They foresee only too clearly that sooner or later the growth and familiarity of a parcels post is bound to force them to terms. Therein lies the hope of the public.

OCTOBER 12, 1492.
 Columbus first landed on American soil.
 When shall the world forget
 Thy glory and our debt,
 Indomitable soul,
 Immortal Genesee?
 —William Watson.

Letters from the People
 Uncle Sam's Watchdogs.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 As to a reader's query about a Scottish regiment wearing their national dress during the civil war, there was such a regiment (the "Seventy-ninth," commanded by Col. Cameron) sent from this city. I saw them in their kilts on the 29th of May, fifty years ago, on the "long bridge" in Virginia, and I saw them several times afterward. They wore their kilts, and, until the kilts were worn out and then these garments were replaced by the regular uniform. I saw many different kinds of uniforms at that time. But as time went on, they

Why Not? By Maurice Ketten

The Jarr Family By Roy McCardell

Whereupon Gertrude's cousin Luke, from Red Oak, Ia., and the battleship Utah, struck a resounding chord and plunged into "The Ragtime Soldier March," while Master Jarr and Little Miss Emma Jarr sat on the sofa, swinging their feet, open-mouthed and open-eyed with delight, while Gertrude made the telephone hum with commands to the grocer to send certain sundries around at once, and she didn't care if the boy was out and no one was in the store.

Their Election Estimates —No. 1— MA'S ESTIMATE By Alma Woodward

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WITH Mr. Jarr talking politics at Berry, the undertaker's, and Mrs. Jarr in Mrs. Stryver's promenade dea toilettes—translation: Admiring Mrs. Stryver's new dress from Paris, which that extremely stout and extremely vain lady was donning, with the aid of her maid, and parading past Mrs. Jarr, in there was none to interfere with Master Jarr's suggestion that Gertrude's sailor cousin, Luke, come right into the parlor with his two measurers from the good ship Utah.

Luke, the gallant man-o'-war's man, was, it would seem, even what his measurer, "Yellow Frank," called him—"a comical bloke."

At the sight of the Jarrs' easy-pleasant musical instrument the merry man-o'-war's man exclaimed, "What is this I perceive? A piano in the forest! What shall we do with it, men?"

And in perfect unison "Yellow Frank" and the other jolly sailor boy (introduced as "Mr. Delaney," but latterly alluded to as "Slim") raised the deep sea chanty, "Pound it to pulp!"

Where They Come From.

"I hear there is a whole village of cripples somewhere in Europe."

"From the reports the college coaches are sending out that must be the place all this year's football men come from."

Willie Jarr Hears the Sea Call
 Of Life To-Day on the Ocean Wave

Mr. Jarr wasn't allowed to smoke in the parlor, but the gallant jacks of the fleet have the freedom of the city. They opened the windows, so as they expressed it, they could "throw the cigarette butts outside," and soon the Jarr front room was as hazy as the lower gun deck after the smoking lamp is lighted.

By that mysterious fellowship all seafaring men, from pirates to pilots, have for children, Master Jarr and his sister

were drawn to the knees of the amiable "Yellow Frank" and the kindly Mr. Delaney, otherwise "Slim."

To Gertrude the visit was more than money or an extra evening out. She would have invited in her lady friends, only she feared to lose the attentions of any one of the entrancing trio. A girl doesn't often have three such gallants at one time, and Gertrude's first impulse to feed her vanity by letting some of her female acquaintances see who was here gave way to the intensely feminine selfishness of reigning alone until she could decide which of the three gallant sailor lads she found most to her liking.

"Did you ever see a mermaid?" asked Little Miss Jarr of Mr. Delaney in the conversational interlude following the music, as Gertrude did the honors with cake and bottled beer.

"Sure," said the genial "Slim." "Off Key West I see a ladies' orchestra of 'em."

"Did you run off to sea?" asked Master Jarr of Yellow Frank, that jovial sailor seeming more shipmate to him because in the beginning of their acquaintance he had proved his seamanship by sinking three gold teeth he had on the forward side of his mouth into a flat cake of eating tobacco.

"Met No. 1, I swam in St. Looney," replied Yellow Frank. Yellow as to hair, yellow as to complexion, yellow as to his golden teeth and yellow as to his eating tobacco.

"Did you always want to be a sailor, to splice ropes, to climb the masts and furl the sails?" continued Master Jarr, while his sister was eagerly pursuing her inquiries as to whether mermaids had green hair or golden, with the good-natured Slim, who had seen a whole orchestra of them off Key West.

Yellow Frank grinned. "No," he said, "I wanted to learn how to swim, so I joined the navy. But funny thing is," he added, "I ain't never got a chance yet; we ain't never been anywhere but deep water."

"Do you like being a sailor? Could I be a sailor?" pressed Master Jarr. "How can I learn to be a sailor?"

"Is there a paint shop around here?" replied Yellow Frank.

Master Jarr nodded his head in the affirmative.

"Well, then," said Yellow Frank, "you go there and learn how to paint, learn how to paint ironwork. I was with the painting crew on the Eads Bridge in St. Looney, but I always got dizzy going high up, and so a friend says to me 'Teller,' says he, 'you're a big boob. A man that can cover all the ironwork in a day you kin ought to go into the navy. What with the board and clothes and tobacco rations, there's more money in it than there is spreading lead and turps on this iron hammock.' So I joins the navy and I'm in charge of the port side paint squad."

Master Jarr edged away in disappointment. As soon as Gertrude's cousin Luke quit playing the piano, he intended asking HIM about a life on the ocean wave as it really should be.

Sayings of MRS. SOLOMON
 BEING THE CONFESSIONS OF THE HUNDREDTH WIFE TRANSLATED BY HELEN ROWLAND.

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My daughter, hearken unto the Parable of the Three Damsels. For the fool learneth by experience, but the wise by the experience of OTHERS.

And the way of the GUESSER is hard.

Now their dwellt a woman in Babylon who had three daughters, and they were all Nice Girls.

And when they had reached the age of indiscretion she called them unto her, saying:

"My JEWELS, I shall now bestow upon each of thee three thousand shekels wherewith to begin thy careers." For youth is short and man is fleeting, and it is time ye were preparing for the struggle. Go then and spend your moneys wisely, that the bread which ye cast upon the waters may return unto ye in the form of wedding cake."

And the damsels were delighted and rejoiced mightily.

"Now," said the first, "I shall be able to cultivate my Talents and to acquire a College Education. And, lo, when I return from the Highbrow Institution I shall SHINE in the world. For Knowledge is Power."

"And I," said the second, "shall go into business and invest my shekels wisely. For with plenty of MONEY one can buy all things, from an automobile unto a husband."

But the third was silent, pondering long and deeply.

And in the morning she arose and went forth into the shopping district, returning at eventide with seven kinds of face powder, twelve jars of Bloom of Beauty, twenty pounds of fine hair, one Miracle Corset and a quart of Bouquet d'Amour, together with numberless hats, gowns, sachets and recipes.

Then her sisters mocked at her and her mother wept, but it availed them nothing, for her three thousand shekels were gone.

Now, when the first damsel had returned from college, filled withisms and covered with glory, her moneys were likewise all spent. But being highly EDUCATED, she straightway obtained a clerkship in a law office at twelve shekels per week and became of USE in the world. And after many years of honest poverty and noble toil she died, still single but highly RESPECTED. And everybody said of her: "Poor thing!"

And the second damsel invested her shekels in a Temple of Dressmaking, wherein she labored from morn till eve making wondrous creations for other women to wear. And, even as she had said, she waxed RICH and bought herself an automobile and a husband. But when the latter had spent all her moneys and mortgaged her motor car he departed for fresher pastures. And all the rest of her days were devoted to the paying of his debts.

But the third damsel donned her glad raiment and went forth in search of adventure. And all men who looked at her were stricken and exclaimed: "How womanly! Yea, how adorably feminine!" And it was not long ere one of them cried: "Behold, THAT is the decoration which I have been seeking for my dinner table!"

And thereupon he married her, and all the days of her life she was covered with furs, and jewels, and petting, and flattery.

For, lo, EVERY man admires a practical, sensible wife—for OTHER men; but for himself he prefereth something soft and frilly.

Which proveth unto thee, my daughter, that VIRTUE is its own reward, and that every damsel should work for her own Destiny—unless she findeth a man that is EASIER to work. Selah!

The Week's Wash By Martin Green.

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"A LAST," said the head polisher, in a tone of relief, "the Becker trial is on."

"The second Becker trial is on," said the laundry man. "The first Becker trial was held last Summer, with the District Attorney acting as prosecutor and judge; and every sorehead in the Tenderloin on the witness stand. All the accused persons were convicted and sentenced."

"This second trial is in a law court before a jury. Becker is on trial alone. Justice Goff will see that only testimony pertinent to the case is admitted. For the first time since Herman Rosenthal was murdered New York is getting down to some sense of proportion in observing the case."

"This is probably the last criminal action in New York County that will go through two trials—once an advance examination and denunciation. If Becker is guilty and the District Attorney proves it he will undoubtedly get what is coming to him. Otherwise he will

be placed in the position, more or less fortunate for him but extremely unfortunate for the community, of a martyr."

"The disposition of a certain large and assertive element in New York to deliver a verdict of guilty before the evidence is in has brought about the circulation of a bad reputation for New York throughout the United States and the civilized world generally. It is commonly asserted that no man's life is safe from thugs with blacklocks or revolvers on the streets of this city."

"Who gets shot or blacklocked on the streets of New York? Seldom the peaceful, law-abiding citizen, attending to his own business. For such the highways and even the byways of this town are as safe as the inside of a church. Candidates for office who go up and down the globe proclaiming otherwise are not making themselves popular with the people of this community who know it for what it is and who are not deceived by the tom tom pounders and newsgang manipulators."

Baseball and Loyalty.

"A NEW YORK must admit that the Giants," said the head polisher,

"Far from making any such an admission," replied the laundry man, "I dispute the statement. If the actions of the 40,000 persons who witnessed the opening game of the World's Series at the Polo Grounds reflect the sentiments of the baseball fans of New York—and it undoubtedly does—then more than 50 per cent. of said fans are not loyal to the Giants."

"While the Giants are off in the lead, and winning everything in sight the fans are 100 per cent. loyal. But let the Giants slump a little and the loyalty

vanishes. When Boston broke up the game in the seventh inning on Tuesday, the applause was sincere enough to disconcert any team of home baseball players. But men who play on the Polo Grounds in New York uniforms have become inured to the chilly atmosphere and are content with the glory of being on the team of the biggest town. Nowhere outside of Chicago are the Giants more continually and viciously knocked than on their own stamping ground. If we ever have a losing team of Giants the fans will probably cheer on masses, climb out of the stands in the Bronx stadium and assassinate the whole bunch."

Pushcart War Training.

"I REBEL," said the head polisher, "that the Greeks are going to fight the Turks again."

"Much as I admire the martial spirit of the Greeks," said the head polisher, "I fear that when they go against the Turks abroad the remembrance of the times they have been chased with their push carts by the Irish cops in New

York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis and other centers of Greek population, will interfere with their aggressiveness."

Bernhardt's Mascots.

SARAH BERNHARDT possesses more lucky odds and ends than any route director actress. These she carries with her on her travels an enormous brass-bound chest. It includes photographs of those who have brought luck to the great star, jewels of considerable value, and bits of old iron, some of which she has picked up in the streets—for Bernhardt is reputed never to pass such an object.